

The Cow Puncher

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THE COW PUNCHER

Here's an up-to-date story of the ranch country, the city and "over there." It's a love story—the story of the master passion that drives a man onward to success for the sake of the woman he loves. The hero is a maverick of the foothills. The heroine is a city girl born to the conventions.

As the boy was practicing shooting with his cayuse on the dead run along came the first automobile he had ever seen. It obligingly tipped over right behind the ranch house and broke the owner's leg. So there was time for Dave and Irene to get acquainted—which was to fall in love.

They parted with a kiss—he to go back to her city life, he to win his way up to her.

CHAPTER I.

The shadows of the spruce trees fell northeastward, pointing long, cool fingers across belts of undulating prairie or leaning lazily against the brown foothills. And among the trees it was cool and green and clear blue water rippled over beds of shining gravel.

The house was of round, straight logs; the shingles of the squat roof were cupped and blistered with the sun of many summers. Refuse loitered about the open door: many empty tins, a lumpy barrel with missing hoops, boxes, harness, tangled bits of wire. Once there had been a fence, a sort of picket fence of little saplings, but wild broncos had kicked it to pieces and range steers had straggled unscarred across its scattered remnants.

Forward, and to the left, was a small corral, mill slabs on end or fences of lodgepole pine; a corner somewhat covered in, offering vague protection from the weather. The upper poles were worn thin with the cribbing of many horses.

The desertion seemed absolute; the silence was the silence of the unspoken places. But suddenly it was broken by a stamping in the covered part of the corral, and a man's voice saying:

"Hip, there! Whoa, you cayuse! Get under there! Sleepin' against a post all day, you Sloppy-eye. Hip! Come to it!"

Horse and rider dashed into the sunlight. The boy—for he was no more than a boy—sat the beast as though born to it, his little frame taking every motion of his mount as softly as a good boat rides the sea. With a yell at his horse he snatched the hat from his head, turning to the sun a smooth brown face and a mane of dark hair, and slapped the horse across the flank with his crumpled headgear. The animal sprang into the air, then dashed at a gallop down the roadway, bearing the boy as unconcerned as a flower on its stem.

Suddenly he brought his horse to a stop, swung about, and rode back at a gentle canter. A few yards from the house he again spurred him to a gallop, and, leaning far down by the animal's side, deftly picked a bottle from among the grass. Then he circled about, repeating this operation as often as his eye fell on a bottle, until he had half a dozen; then down the road again, carefully setting a bottle on each post of the fence that skirted it to the right.

Again he came back to the house, but when he turned his eye was on the row of posts and his right hand lay on the grip of his revolver. Again his sharp yell broke the silence and the horse dashed forward as though shot from a gun. Down the road they went until within a rod of the first bottle; then there was a flash in the sunlight and to the clatter of the horse's hoofs came the crack-crack of the revolver. Two bottles shivered to fragments, but four remained intact, and the boy rode back, muttering and disappointed. He reasoned with this horse as he rode:

"Tain't no use, you ol' Sloppy-eye: a fellow can't get the head if he ain't got the fillin'—cooked meals an' decent chuck. I could pull 'em six out o' six—you know that, you ol' floppers. Don't you argue about it, neither. When I'm right inside my belt I smash 'em six out o' six, but I ain't right, an' you know it. You don't know nothin' about it. You never had a father; tenstays you never had to be responsible for one. . . . Well, it's comin' to a finish—a d— lame finish, you know that. You know—"

But he had reloaded his revolver and set up two more bottles. This time he broke four and was better pleased with himself. As he rode back his soliloquy was broken by a strange sound from beyond the belt of trees. The horse braked up his ears and the boy turned in the saddle to listen. "Jumpin' crickets! What's loose?" he ejaculated. He knew every sound of the foothill country, but this was strange to him. A kind of snort, a sort of hiss, mechanical in its regularity, startling in its strangeness, it came across the valley with the unbroken rhythm of a watch tick.

"Well, I guess it won't eat us," he ventured at last. "We'll just run it down and perhaps poke a hole in it." So saying, he cantered along the road, crossed the little stream, and swung up the hill on the farther side.

He was half way up when a turn in the road brought him into sudden sight of the strange visitor. It was the first he had seen, but he knew it at once, for the fame of the automob-

bile, then in its single-cylinder stage, had already spread into the farthest ranching country. The horse was less well informed. He bucked and kicked in rage and terror. But the boy was conscious not so much of the horse as of two bright eyes turned on him in frank and surprised admiration.

"What horsemanship!" she exclaimed. But the words had scarce left her lips when they were followed by a cry of alarm. For the car had taken a sudden turn from the road and plunged into a growth of young poplars that fringed the hillside. It half slid, half plowed its way into a semi-vertical position among the young trees.

The two occupants were thrown from their seat; the girl fell clear but her father was less fortunate. In an instant the boy had flung himself from his horse, dropping the reins to the ground, and the animal, although snorting and shivering, had no thought of disgracing his training by breaking his parole. With quick, ungainly strides the boy brought himself to the upturned machine. It was curious that he should appear to such disadvantage on his feet. In the saddle he was grace personified.

For a moment he looked somewhat stupidly upon the wreck. Had it been a horse or a steer he would have known the procedure, but this experience was new to his life. Besides there were strangers here. He had no fear of strangers when they wore chaps and colored handkerchiefs, but a girl in a brown sweater and an oldish man with a white collar were creatures to be approached with caution. The oldish man was lying on the ground, with a leg pinned under the car, and Brown Sweater raised his head against her knee and pressed his cheeks with small white fingers, and looked at the boy with bright gray eyes and said:

"Aren't you going to do anything?" That brought him back. "Sure," he said, springing to her side. "Whad'ya want me to do?"

"I am afraid my leg is broken," said the man, speaking calmly notwithstanding his pain. "Can you get the jack out of the toolbox and raise the car?"

The girl pointed to the box, and in a moment he had the jack in his hand. But it was a new tool to him



The Animal Sprang into the Air, Then Dashed at a Gallop Down the Roadway.

and he fumbled with it stupidly. The handle would not fit, and when it did fit it operated the wrong way.

"Oh, let me have it," she cried impatiently.

In a moment she had it set under the frame of the car and was plying the handle up and down with rapid strokes. The boy looked on, helpless and mortified. He was beginning to realize that there were more things in the world than riding a horse and shooting bottles. He felt a sudden desire to be of great service. And just now he could be of no service whatever.

But the foot of the jack began to sink in the soft earth, and the girl looked up helplessly.

"It won't lift it," she said. "What shall we do?"

It was his chance. He had eighteen, and in an open life he had given him much of steel. "Here," he said roughly, "move his leg when I get it clear." He turned his back to the machine and crouched down until he could get his hands under the steel frame. Then he lifted. The car was in a somewhat poised position, and he was able to swing it up far enough to release the injured leg.

"Very good, my boy," said the man. "That was a wonderful lift. The leg is broken—compound. Can you get some way of moving me to shelter? I won't be long."

The last words were unfortunate. Hospitality in the ranching country is not bought and sold.

"You can't pay me nothin'," he said rudely. "But I can bring a light wagon, if you can ride in that, and put you up at the ranch. The old man's souse," he added, as an afterthought, "but it's better than sleepin' out. I won't be long."

He was back at his horse, and in a moment they heard the clatter of hoofs galloping down the hillside.

The girl rested her father's head in her lap. Tears made her bright eyes brighter still.

"Don't cry, Reenie," he said gently. "We are very lucky to be so close to help. Of course I'll be laid up for a while, but it will give you a chance to see ranch life as it really is." He winced with pain but continued: "I fancy we shall find it plain and unvarnished. What a horseman! If I could run an automobile like he does a horse we should not be here."

"He's strong," she said. "But he's rude."

"The best fields for muscle are often poor schools for manners," he answered.

The boy was soon back with a wagon and a stretcher. He avoided the eyes of his guests, but quickly and gently enough he placed the injured man on the stretcher. "I guess you'll have to take the feet," he said. The words were for the girl although he did not look at her. "I could hustle him myself but it might hurt 'im."

But the injured man interrupted. "I beg your pardon," he said, "that I did not introduce my daughter. I am Doctor Hardy; this is my daughter Irene, Mr.—"

"They don't call me mister," said the boy. "Misters is scarce in these woods. My name is Elden—Dave Elden."

The girl came up with extended hand. He took it shyly, but it made him curiously bold.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Elden," she said.

"I'm glad to meet you, too," he answered. "Misses is scarier than misters in this neck o' the woods."

Carefully they lifted the injured man into the wagon, and Dave drove to the ranch building with an unwonted caution that must have caused strange misgivings in the hearts of his team.

"It ain't much of a place," he said, as they pulled up at the door. "I guess you can see that for yourself," he added, with a grin. "You see there's just dad and me, and he's souse most of the time, and I handle a lasso better'n a scrubbin' brush." He was already losing his shyness. "Now you take the feet again. Steady! Look out for that barrel horse. This way now."

He led into the old ranch house, kicking the door wider open with his heel as he passed. A partition from east to west divided the house, and another partition from north to south divided the northern half. In the northeast room they set the stretcher on the floor.

"Now," said the boy, "I'm goin' for the doctor. It's forty miles to town, and it'll likely be mornin' before I'm back, but I'll sure burn the trail. There's grub in the house, and you won't starve—that is if you can cook." (This was evidently for Irene. There was a note in it that suggested the girl might have her limitations.) "Dig into anythin' in sight. And I hope your father's leg won't hurt very much."

"Oh, I'll stand it," said Doctor Hardy, with some cheerfulness. "We medical men become accustomed to suffering—in other people. You are very kind. My daughter may remain in this room, I suppose? There is no one else?"

"No one but the old man," he answered. "He's asleep in the next room, safe till mornin'. I'll be back by that time. That's my bed," indicating a corner. "Make yourselves at home." He lounged through the door, and they heard his spurs clanking across the hard earth.

The girl's first thought was for her father. She removed his boot and stocking, and under his direction, slit the leg of his trousers above the injury. It was bleeding a little. In the large room of the house she found a pail of water, and she bathed the wound, wiping it with her handkerchief and mingling a tear or two with the warm blood that dripped from it. "You're good stuff," her father said, pressing the fingers of her unoccupied hand. "Now if you could find a clean cloth to bandage it—"

"Is that you, Dave?"
"Yes, Reenie, and the doctor, too."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEER CAUSES OF SNEEZING

Hard to Explain Why Simple Things Have Such a Peculiar Effect on Some Persons.

Some people sneeze for curious reasons. There is a clergyman who can never cross the road on a very hot day without carrying an umbrella. If he does, he is immediately taken with a violent fit of sneezing. Another man is similarly affected by exposure to bright gaslight.

Clergymen seem to be particularly sensitive in this direction. Another wearer of the cloth used to sneeze whenever he came near to a dead hare. A similar case is that of a young man who could never go near a horse without sneezing.

Peculiar odors have been known to cause sneezing. A druggist's wife always sneezed when ipsecuanha was being used in the shop, and another person always found sneezing necessary whenever he entered a room where there were violets. And there is an account of a well-known physician who was fond of chocolates, but could never eat one without suffering spasms of sneezing.

Perhaps the most remarkable case is that of a man who, whenever he sees a picture of a hayfield, immediately proceeds to sneeze his head nearly off.—London Tit-Bits.

Biddy's Reasoning.

Mistress—I'm afraid my poor, darling, little Topsey will never recover. Do you know, Bridget, I think the kindest thing would be to have her chloroformed and put out of her misery.

Bridget—I wouldn't do that, mum. Sure, she might get better, after all, an' then ye'd be sorry ye had her killed.—Boston Evening Transcript.

COATS THAT COMBINE CHARM AND UTILITY



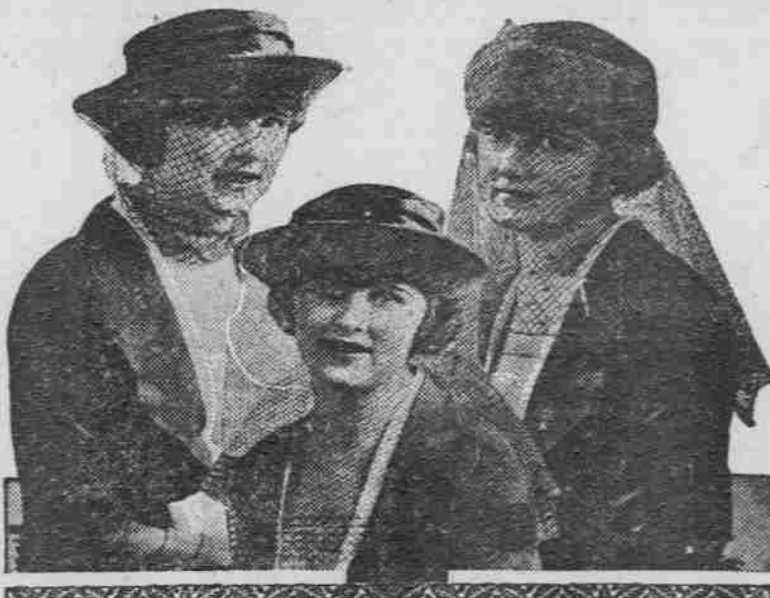
Now is the time when the warm coat for midwinter comes up for consideration and the buyer goes cheerfully forth to see what she can see. She is destined to find quite a number of new coatings represented in thick, soft weaves and, if gifted with a retentive mind, she may be able to commit their various names to memory. They all seem to be variations of cloths that we have known in the past as Bolivia, shetline, duvetyne, rough mixtures and other heavy, wooly fabrics that are cozy looking. Some of them we know to be strong and sturdy, others look as promising. Taken as a whole, coatings are richer looking than they have ever been, which is a pleasant thing to contemplate—and measured by prices they certainly ought to look rich.

Some of the new coats are extravagantly high priced and there has been an increase in nearly all of them. The cheerfulness of the buyer is apt to be somewhat dampened unless her purse is long, for fur-trimmed coats must be classed among the luxuries of the

rich. Pile fabrics are warm and rich looking and have proved to be most durable. Coats of these plushes sell at a reasonable price and so do those of heavy wools that are woven like steamer rugs or army blankets. Leather coats have been introduced to provide warm coats at a medium price.

The two coats shown in the picture above are good examples of styles for all-around general wear. They are cut on the most practical lines with muffer collars, big pockets and roomy sleeves. The coat at the left has a narrow belt of cloth with long ends that loop over at the front. A few bone buttons make themselves useful for fastening at the waistline and collar and ornamenting the cuffs. In the coat at the right, the buttons are cloth-covered and the belt slips through a slide at the front. A luxurious collar of skunk fur may be brought up and fastened at the throat, in the face of stormy weather or before the teeth of an icy wind. These are both attractive coats and types of styles that are soft and becoming as well as warm and durable.

Alluring Veils for Autumn Hats



There is something very alluring about veils. They are among the belongings of women, that are peculiarly their own; mere man having no share in this kind of apparel. The wedding veil is a vision that girlhood cherishes and thrills over. Veils are significant and charming—and have in most cases no other reason for existence. But they contribute to neatness, if one must be practical, and they are often very flattering. It is the element of style in them, with becomingness, that makes them dear to the hearts of women and provides us with ever-changing weaves and patterns to choose from.

Some modistes have featured veils as an essential part of the trimming of hats, in their displays of fall millinery. The all-over lace patterns appear to have given place to mesh veils with borders these borders being often in a lace pattern or having a floral design applied to the mesh. Veils fall about the face and head from small and medium-sized hats in ways that seem casual but are not. They are sometimes draped with the border about the hat and the plain edge hanging down, but this is exceptional; nearly always the plain edge is placed about the shape and the border defines the bottom of the veil.

Among the very elegant veils used on dressy hats those of chantilly lace are conspicuous. The mesh is fine in these, and the border a floral pattern above a scalloped edge usually. Black and taupe gray are the favored colors for veils, either color proving practical for the street and becoming to the

wearer. There is a great variety of shapes in meshes—square, diamond shaped, hexagonal and oblong, with all sorts of inconspicuous crossbars and figures to add interest to them. Street veils have light woven-in borders and they are worn either hanging free or fastened about the neck, after the manner of the three veils shown in the picture.

Veils should be tried on and selected for becomingness, as hat shapes are. Some meshes make the face look more youthful and others seem to reveal wrinkles. For clearing up the skin and bringing out color dark blue, sapphire, and national blue are all effective. Taupe and black find more admirers than any other colors.

There are some small face veils only large enough to extend from hat brim to chin, and they are made to be pinned or to be slipped on and held in place with small, round elastic cord.

The floating veils shown at the right and bottom of the group are knotted in at the back sometimes as in the hat shown at the upper left side. These are popular styles, soft, becoming, and desirable.

Julia Bottomley

In Small Furs.

In small furs there are noticeable styles that may be adjusted so as to be worn in several unique ways, and among the recently presented models of this type are many of gray squirrel and of Hudson seal.

Uncut Fringe in Wool.

Uncut fringe in either wool or silk, often combined with embroidery, is one of the new ways of trimming both frocks and wraps this season, according to Vogue. Navy blue wool is used on the white crepe de chine frock. On either side of both back and front of the skirt, at the ends of the pouch pockets, are groups of two plaits. The embroidery and fringe motif which is used on the pointed cuffs is repeated on the back of the collar. This frock fastens along one shoulder seam and

under the arm. It may be had in navy blue crepe de chine, with garnet wool embroidery or in beige with tete de negre as well as in white with blue.

Correct Veils.

Veils of all descriptions are a decided feature of the correct toilet of the Parisienne and the vogue will undoubtedly develop here—all styles of draped and face veils are sure to be accepted here as these are abroad.

The barleycorn is the heart's cry.

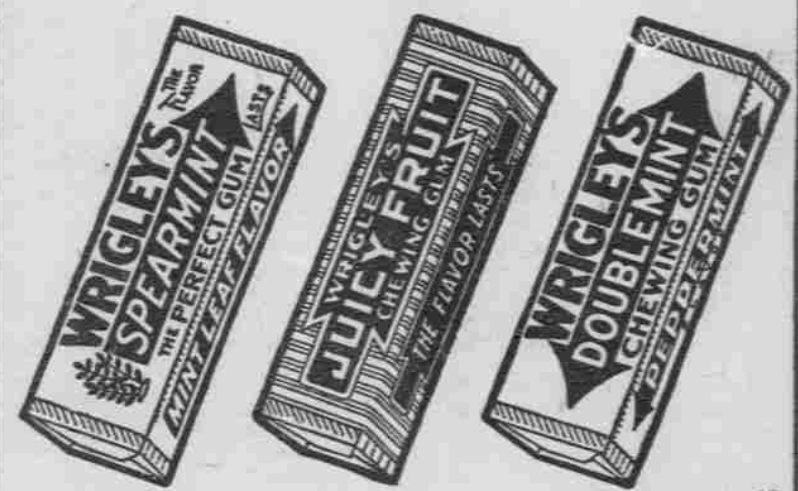
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LIFE OF DOG IN BELGIUM

Does Not Loaf as They Do in America, but is Put to Pulling Carts.

The expression, "a dog's life," must have originated in this part of Europe. In Belgium and Holland the dogs do not loaf about as they do in America. In Holland I saw one dog pulling a cart in which three men were sitting, and on the roads we passed many dogs pulling carts, writes a Belgian correspondent in the Kansas City Star. Even more dogs are used to pull carts in Belgium, as the Germans left very few horses in this country. To judge by appearances, virtually all the husky able-bodied dogs in Belgium are "broke to harness." But the roads are good and the carts not heavy, usually, and the dogs seem to like it. The drivers were holding back rather than driving many of the dogs we passed, and in one village we saw a dog bark and beg to be hitched up when a woman started out on a short trip with a push cart. When she yielded and hitched up the dog we saw why she had hesitated. The dog was a big, strong fellow, and so eager to pull that she had a hard time holding him back.

Wimmen are dear things all right when th' annual crop 'f Easter hats is harvested.

In Greenland potatoes do not grow larger than ordinary marbles.

To Bridge the Golden Gate.

Steps for the realization of one of the greatest projects ever contemplated in California—the Golden Gate bridge—were taken at a mass meeting of citizens in San Rafael early in August.

The surveys show that the bridge could be constructed directly over the Golden Gate from Fort Baker to Fort Mason. The Gate has a total width at that point of 5,500 feet, and soundings show a rock formation in the center, which would support the central span. A San Francisco banker has offered to finance the project with a loan of \$10,000,000, the estimated cost. The only condition is that the government grant the backers a franchise and regulate the toll charges.

Overtaxed.

Everything in the dear old village seemed the same to Jones after his absence for four years. The old church, the village pump, the ducks on the green, the old men smoking, while their wives gossip—it was so restful after the rush and bustle of the city. Suddenly he missed something.

"Where's Hodge's windmill?" he asked in surprise. "I can see only one mill and there used to be two."

The native gazed thoughtfully around, as if to verify the statement. Then he said slowly:

"They pulled one down; there weren't wind enough for two of 'em."

At the Critical Moment.

I was attending the theater with some friends. The hero and heroine had reached the critical moment, but, as he held her in his arms, he hesitated. As the seconds ticked on with no further action, the suspense grew too much for me, and I finally shouted at the top of my lungs (as it seemed to me later)—"Kiss her, you boob!" Needless to say, I did not enjoy the last few moments of the performance.

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